

# THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

HART, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED.

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## Poetry.

### One Hundred Years Hence.

Who'll drag the streets with eager haste  
One hundred years from now,  
And mow the grass with scythes of steel,  
With care worn, anxious brow?  
To gain a name  
For wealth or fame,  
Ambition's goal,  
Or honor's scroll—  
Who will be that gallant hero,  
Facing with heavy steps along,  
One hundred years from now?  
Where, oh! where will be the men,  
One hundred years from now,  
Who the virtuous poor condemn,  
With purse-proud haughty brow?  
Who give the meek  
To misery's tear,  
Withhold relief  
To orphan's grief?  
Where, oh! where will be their pride,  
When rich and poor lay side by side,  
One hundred years from now.  
Who'll grace our courts as judges grave,  
One hundred years from now,  
Nor warp the law, nor screen the knave,  
When wealth and influence bow?  
When bribes of gold,  
And crimes of state,  
Make justice sleep,  
And mercy woe?  
Who will be those jurists pure,  
And bribe and cynicism abjure,  
One hundred years from now?  
Who'll guide our rights of land and sea,  
One hundred years from now,  
Stand by the banner of the free,  
And dare confront 'em foe?  
And never yield  
O'er food and field,  
And do no wrong—  
Submit to none?  
Who will be those patriots brave,  
To guard our flag o'er land or wave,  
One hundred years from now?  
Where, where will the proud despot be,  
One hundred years from now,  
Who'd crush the germ of liberty,  
And make the nation's bow?  
They'll be forgot,  
Their names will rot,  
Nor nations feel  
Their iron heel.  
And the fair goddess, Liberty,  
Will reign o'er every land and sea,  
One hundred years from now.

## A Beautiful Tale.

### The two Pictures.

BY COATES KINNEY.

Battle of Inkermann!  
As the day came up, struggling with the  
gloom of clouds, the vanguard had given  
alarm of that onslaught, which before this  
day was done should make Inkermann sec-  
ond only to Waterloo. Through the foggy,  
drizzly dark, had burst the blare of bugles,  
and drums and fifes, and rattling musketry;  
and the transition from sleep to battle had  
been a transient interval of consternation of  
cowardice, however, but of sudden sur-  
prise.  
To arms! To the summoning martial mu-  
sic—drums, whose hurried roll, and fifes,  
whose thrilling shriek make the blood beat  
and surge in the veins—to the glorious mar-  
tial music, man after man, column after col-  
umn, company after company, they wheel  
into array. Swiftly and mightily, as though  
hurled by the power of thunder, horse and  
plumed riders, sweep over the field and along  
the lines, bearing the hoarse, loud command;  
and quick as thought there followed char-  
ges, and evolutions, and sublime prepara-  
tions for blood.  
Of the battle of Inkermann would have  
been a splendid sight to see in a broad field  
and a bright sun. But the nature of the  
ground and the darkness of the day, ren-  
dered it impossible to take in more than a  
small scene of the grand and terrible drama  
at one view. Many a heroic deed was per-  
formed that day, in obscure and solitary  
places, that left no record but death. If  
you found, in some gloomy gully, a flush  
harvest of carnage—corpses lying thick as  
the sheaves after the sickles—you knew  
there had been great achievements there;  
but they will not illumine the pages of his-  
tory; for their memory sleeps in the burial  
trenches with those who died enacting them.  
Thirst of glory such as is slaked by blood,  
had lured young Cecil Gray from his happy  
home in England, to the camp and the field.  
He was an officer in the Fifth Dragoons,  
and as we have an interest in him now, let  
us watch the performance of the Fifth on  
that day of Inkermann.  
Is it not they, yonder on the right! Let  
us get nearer them for this dismal day is so  
like twilight that we cannot distinguish the  
figure on their buttons. Yes, it is he. What  
noble fellows! How proudly they sit on  
their horses! With what an air of im-  
pudence they lean forward as the battle's din  
increases! How their nostrils dilate with  
the delay of opportunity.  
Which of them is Cecil Gray? Do you  
see yonder on the right, that tall, noble  
young officer who is gazing, with looks of  
unspeakable tenderness, upon a locket min-  
iature, which he has just drawn from his bos-  
om? That is he, and the miniature is of—  
the name would choke his utterance if he  
attempted to speak it; for he is thinking of  
the time—not many months ago; but oh,  
how long!—when the original of that pic-  
ture sobbed on his breast, and clung to him  
with love's desperation, kissing him with  
most passionate kisses, and pleading with  
him in God's name not to go—oh, not go!  
He lips quivers; he brushes his hand  
across his eyes; he closes the locket and re-  
places it in his bosom. If he were not  
agonizingly pained by with every breath,  
of whom he is now thinking, we would say,  
O God! let him not sink on the battle field  
to-day!  
The Fifth had lost most of their infantry

in the beginning of the battle, for the Tur-  
kish foot, their main support, had fled at  
the first onset, and there remained to them  
only a small division of Highlanders, a num-  
ber quite insufficient to sustain them. Yet,  
as the cannons thundered and the muskets  
hailed death around, the brave fellows felt  
it like a shame to sit there idle while their  
comrades were winning glory, and every  
moment they grew more eager, even with-  
out the support of infantry, for an occasion  
to act.  
Hark! the tramp of cavalry. Every rein  
tightened, and every horseman's breath is  
quelled with expectation. Up they come  
at a fierce gallop, as though they meant to  
sweep the high at a single pass. It is the  
Bucovinas! Their heavy, rushing billows  
of horse dashed fell upon the Highlanders, and  
are shocked back by the shore of bayonets.  
They rally, and advance again, more slow-  
ly and determinedly.  
Then the bugles of the Fifth, sound; and  
the fiery horses are wheeled into order for  
the onset.  
Look at Cecil Gray! he has forgotten his  
original; he has forgotten the little cot-  
tage by the Thames, where she is sighing  
prayers to heaven for him now; he thinks  
only of glory. His breast heaves and pants,  
and his hand clutches his hilt, waiting for  
the next signal-twang.  
Another blast of the bugles and the  
whole Fifth instantly bristling all over with  
swords, like a single being, spring into the  
pas des charge. A thundering hurricane of  
battle, they swoop right down on the ad-  
vancing foe with the speed of the wind.—  
God of heaven! what a spectacle! With  
what a sublimely terrific shock the two hos-  
tile masses of men and horses crash togeth-  
er! Sword clings on sword; horse and fi-  
der sink; the sea of combat surges over  
them.  
The Fifth cut the foe through and through;  
and when their bugles sound the rally, they  
disregarded the signal, determined to fight  
till they clear the field or die. Horse against  
horse, with onset and repulse, Saxon and  
Cossack, they cleave one another down,  
swaying to and fro like a stormy sea.  
Where is Cecil Gray! Yonder is his  
plume. Watch it. It tosses above the  
thick of the fight, as if it were alive with  
glory. There it loses itself in the smoke  
of pistols. It emerges. We lose sight of  
it again. Yonder once more it flies along  
the field, like some splendid bird of prey,  
that kills its quarry, but stops not to de-  
vour. Swords leap up above and around it;  
other plumes nod and sink around it; rider-  
less horses whirl away from it and roll  
down and surge, and struggle, and die in  
the overwhelming billows of battle. But  
the plume and the sword that goes with it  
cease, not for an instant in their sublime  
career.  
The wounded French Chasseur who re-  
clines on his elbow here nigh us, watching  
that plume, forgets his pain, and ejaculates,  
"C'est superbe!" And it is superb: it is glori-  
ous.  
But now that plume is the dreadful cen-  
tre of a vortex of foes, which dashed upon  
it, as upon a lone sail, the foam capped  
whirlpool in the sea. Other plumes fly to  
the rescue. Sabres flash thick and fast, and  
chop down into fiery brains, and cross and  
thrust, and stab, and mix in a horrible tur-  
moil of heroic desperation.  
We close our eyes tightly with a shudder-  
ing sickness and faintness, and when we  
open them on the scene again, the Russians  
are in total rout and the gallant Fifth are  
in rally, with shout and hurrah! But the  
plume of Cecil Gray! It is gone! The  
prayers which have kept going up to heaven  
from the cottage on the Thames have not  
been answered. That plume bowed to death  
and went down while we were shutting our  
eyes.  
How gloriously he died! On the field  
they found him on the evening of that day,  
with a monument of slaughtered heroes piled  
up to his glory. And as his surviving  
comrades spaded him a grave and wrapped  
his cloak around him, and laid him to his  
rest, they talk animatingly of his heroism,  
and then they spoke faintly of one who—  
"No more of that, my comrade!" said he  
who had been his bosom friend, in a choking  
voice. "There! he had taken the locket from  
the neck of the dead, clapped with his  
sword a lock from the hero's hair and shut  
it over the miniature, 'that shall be her tid-  
ings!—and may God—God—pity and comfort  
her!'  
The big blinding tears streamed down  
those stern men's cheeks; they filled the  
grave, breathing hard with rush of home's  
dear emotions, but speaking not another  
word.  
A cottage by the Thames.  
Inkermann has been fought, and the news  
has gone through England. In that cot-  
tage, Minnie Gray is sobbing and waiting  
for what looks possible, and yet hopes  
impossible. Weep, Minnie, the hour is at  
hand when the blessed relief of tears shall  
be denied thee.  
"Willie, go to town, and—Go! Will-  
ie!"  
Willie goes; he runs all the way. He  
brings back nothing but the newspaper,  
filled with "LATENT FROM THE CRIMEA."  
"No letter Willie!"  
"None."  
She seizes the paper and gropes, tear-  
bedded through the long columns. But  
she finds nothing, only that so many were  
killed, and so many wounded, together with  
the names of a few great officers that were  
slain. The shuddering blood almost burst  
from her veins, and her eyes grow dry, as  
she read a printed letter from one of the

Fifth Dragoons had been in glorious peril  
"Oh my God! how can I bear this agony  
of suspense!"  
Willie tried to soothe her; but she could  
hear nothing but the soul-stunning thunder  
of battle, see nothing through her tears but  
the charge of the Fifth Dragoons!  
"Go to the town, Willie, and come not  
back till you have brought some word from  
him!"  
The boy went sorrowfully. Minnie Gray  
watched the clock and the road to the town  
all day and all night, and all next day till  
the sun went down.  
Willie was coming! The sight of him  
made her dizzy and faint. Were there tid-  
ings in his steps? Yes! life or death! He  
came hurriedly, while he seemed to reel un-  
der the weight of his heart. It must be  
death! Now, God of mercy! the helping  
hand! She staggers out to meet him and  
grasps:  
"Any word, Willie?"  
"No word but—"  
She holds her breath, and stares wildly  
at him, as he draws forth the locket. He  
places it quickly in her clutching hand and  
turns his face away. She unclaspeth it shad-  
deringly, and the lock of hair springs out  
and curls round her finger! A smothered,  
quivering cry, a stifled, choking wail of ag-  
ony that crushed the life out, and Minnie  
Gray fell into her brother Willie's arms.  
In the little village church-yard there is  
now a new-made grave, and over it a mar-  
ble slab, bearing this inscription:  
IN MEMORY  
OF CECIL AND MINNIE GRAY,  
Whom Peace Married  
IN LIFE,  
Whom War Wedded  
IN DEATH.

## Miscellaneous.

### Anecdotes of Earthquakes.

BY AN OLD TRAVELER.

If you own your earth, from whence I sprang,  
Rise up, with rage unmatch'd, to devour  
Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly?  
Some say the earth  
Was forthwith, and did shake.  
There are few sensations more startling  
and unpleasant than that which is occasioned  
by even the slightest of those movements  
of the earth's surface to which we equally  
give the name of earthquake, whatever may  
be the degree of their intensity, or the na-  
ture of their effects. Our imperfect knowl-  
edge of the causes which produce them, and  
of the laws of nature by which they are re-  
gulated, increases our alarm; and as we have  
no sure warning of their approach, and are  
their helpless victims when they come, we  
may be thankful that they are not of more  
frequent occurrence. They are fearful in  
every way; for where they have once been  
destructively felt, they leave an impression  
as to the possibility of their return, which  
at times, comes disagreeably across the  
mind, even in our moments of enjoyment.  
A writer, whose work was noticed last  
month, speaking of Lisbon, says: "Some  
traces of the great earthquake still remain;  
here and there a huge windowless, roofless,  
and roomless mass, picturesque by moon-  
light, but saddening by day; fearful memento  
of wrath, stands to tell the tale of  
the terrible convulsion. Slight shocks are  
continually felt, and when I was in Lisbon,  
about five years ago, were so unusually pow-  
erful, that some fear was excited lest a re-  
currence of this calamity were imminent.  
The Portuguese have a theory, that nature  
takes a hundred years to produce an earth-  
quake on a grand scale, and as that period  
had nearly elapsed, they were frightened in  
proportion. At Naples one cannot but be  
conscious that the city is built over "hidden  
fires"; on one side is the ever active Vesu-  
vius, and on the other Solfatara, and an evi-  
dent communication exists between them.—  
Hot springs and steaming sulphur poison  
the air everywhere; but at Lisbon no such  
signs exist; here is nothing but a soil proli-  
fic beyond measure—no streams of lava—no  
hills of calcined stones, thrown up fifteen  
hundred feet in one night (as the Monte  
Nuovo, near Naples)—no smoking craters—  
no boiling water struggling into day. Still  
the belief that Lisbon will again be destroyed  
by a similar throes of nature is prevalent,  
and perpetuated year after year by the re-  
currence of slight shocks."  
In treating of earthquakes, we cannot seek  
our materials in the remotest periods of his-  
tory.  
It is remarkable that in the records of the  
Old Testament there are only, I believe,  
three passages in which they are mentioned.  
One of them is part of the well-known de-  
scription of the appearances attending the  
revelation of the Almighty will to Elijah.—  
The others refer to the event of an earth-  
quake in the days of Uzziah, King of Judah,  
not quite eight hundred years B. C.; and  
from the language in which it is alluded to,  
we may infer that such convulsions were  
then of unusual occurrence.  
It is in comparatively modern times that  
the most remarkable earthquakes have oc-  
curred, and the most numerous. In the  
last century, and the present, we have seen  
the most terrible convulsions of the earth's  
surface, and the most extensive destruction  
of human life and property. In the present  
state of human knowledge, earthquakes are  
described as phenomena of which we can  
merely record the facts.  
One of the most remarkable earthquakes  
of antiquity of which we have any account  
was contemporaneous with the battle of  
Thrasimene, and was alluded to, incidentally,  
by Livy as showing the ardor of the fight.—  
The passage is translated by Lord Byron:  
"Such (he says) was their mutual animosity,  
so intent were they upon the battle, that  
the earthquake which overthrew in great  
part many of the cities of Italy, which turned  
the course of rapid streams, poured back  
the sea upon the rivers, and tore down the  
very mountains, was not felt by any of the  
combatants." We may repeat the descrip-  
tion in Lord Byron's verse:  
And such the storm of battle of that day,  
And such the phrensies which convulsions blinde  
To all sense, that, beneath the fray,  
An earthquake, felt unheeded away!  
None felt stern nature rocking at his feet,  
And yawning forth a grave for those who lay  
Upon their bucklers for a whirling shaft:  
Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations  
meet.  
The earth to them was as a rolling bark,  
Which bore them to eternity they saw  
The ocean round, but had no time to mark  
The motions of their vessel's native law.

with a violent rush, causes the inundation;  
"which without an earthquake," he thinks,  
"would never have happened." But he  
mentions the more noticeable fact, that at  
"Peparesus, there was a retreat of the sea,  
though no inundation followed."  
Inscriptions have been found in temples  
both in Herculaneum and Pompeii commem-  
orating the rebuilding of these edifices after  
they had been thrown down by an earth-  
quake, which happened in the reign of Nero;  
sixteen years before the destruction of the  
cities themselves by the eruption of Vesu-  
vius. Yet there is no other account of  
such an event extant; and the indifference  
of the ancients in recording them is shown  
in the fact that even the appalling fate of  
these cities was only accidentally alluded to  
till Dion Cassius wrote his fabulous and ex-  
aggerated description, about one hundred  
and fifty years after their destruction had ta-  
ken place.  
We are constantly reminded, however,  
of the frequency of such phenomena. The  
route through Italy, for instance, from Sienna  
to Rome, is marked throughout by great  
volcanic changes; and it is not difficult to be-  
lieve that tradition that the whole of the Bay  
of Naples is formed by one extensive crater.  
In many instances the ingenuity of a man  
has converted even these fearful ruins into  
sources of wealth. Without speaking of the  
well-known commerce in sulphur and other  
articles, from Naples and Sicily, I may men-  
tion that, amongst the mountains of  
Tuscany, the Count de Larderal has ap-  
plied a process to the preparation of boric  
acid, which is described in the Journals  
of the Great Exhibition of 1851, as amongst  
"the highest achievements of the useful  
arts." The vapor issuing from a volcanic  
soil is condensed; and the minute propor-  
tion of boric acid which it contains is re-  
covered by evaporation in a district without  
fuel, by the application of volcanic vapor it-  
self as a source of heat. The substance thus  
obtained greatly exceeds in quantity the  
local and limited supply of borax from  
British India, and has extended its use in  
improving the manufacture of porcelain  
and of crystal.

In them suspended, rock'd not of the awe  
Which reigns when mountains tremble, and the  
birds  
Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw  
From their down-topping peaks; and bellowing  
beasts  
Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread  
hath no words.  
The event to which these passages refer  
occurred, it will be remembered, 217 years  
B. C.  
Upon the earthquake which marked the  
consummation of our Saviour's mission, I  
feel that this is not an occasion to dwell.  
The next of which we have any record was  
in the seventeenth year of Christianity,  
when twelve cities in Asia Minor were al-  
most simultaneously destroyed.

## Political Protestantism.

The following nervous article we clip  
from the *Detroit Free Press*. It says much  
in very small space.  
POLITICAL PROTESTANTISM.—The Know  
Nothing papers object to the interference of  
Catholic priests in politics and elections.—  
So do we. We go further. We object to  
the interference of Protestant priests in pol-  
itics and elections. The Know Nothing  
papers deprecate political Romanism. So  
do we. We go further. We deprecate pol-  
itical Protestantism. The Know Nothing  
papers abhor Jesuitism. So do we; but not  
more Catholic than Protestant Jesuitism.  
The institutions of this country country  
contemplate a complete separation of church  
and State, in theory and in fact. We are  
in favor of it. It is one of the best features  
of the constitution. It will be a taste of  
the millennium when priests of all creeds  
and sects shall devote themselves singly to  
ghostly affairs, and leave temporal affairs to  
be managed by those educated to the busi-  
ness. When that day shall have come,  
there will be far less strife, less contention,  
less bigotry and less infidelity in the land  
than now. It will be "the good time  
come."  
There is a deal of infidelity abroad, and  
it is every day spreading, mainly because  
there are few counteracting influences. The  
Christian Church is not engaged in the same  
mission it once was. Its adherents have  
not the same faith in the saving grace and  
efficacy of the gospel they once had. They  
no longer appeal to the conscience of men  
as they used to do, but appeal to the Leg-  
islature to make laws to compel men to be  
good. Its ministers (we speak of the Pro-  
testant church) leave the pulpit for the hust-  
ings—abandon divinity for politics. They  
have been known to join Know Nothing  
demonstrations, and to take the fearful, wicked  
damning oaths there administered. The de-  
scendant is fearful. No wonder that infidelity  
prevails. We observed, the other day,  
among the names of officers elect of one of  
our city Christian churches that of a no-  
toriously prominent Know Nothing, but not  
notorious for piety. We make no profes-  
sions ourselves, but we know what mock-  
ery of religion is. No wonder, we say,  
that infidelity prevails.  
Things, we suspect, will be mended by  
and by. Massachusetts has had full fru-  
ition of Know Nothingism. Through the  
instrumentality of the Order thirty or forty  
professed ministers of Christ were sent to  
the Legislature. Those thirty or forty min-  
isters have not exercised influenced enough  
to save the Legislature from disgrace. We  
do not know that they have tried. The vote  
for the appointment of the committee  
whose exploits have been recorded in the  
public journals, and one of whose members  
made shameful propositions to the Lady Su-  
perior of a convent, and another of whom,  
on the expedition to another convent, car-  
ried with him a disreputable person of the  
opposite sex whose expenses were paid by  
the State! These things were enacted, in  
the name of Protestantism, in Massachu-  
setts, by a committee of a Legislature con-  
taining among its members thirty or forty  
professed ministers of the gospel. They  
never will be re-enacted in that State.—  
Massachusetts has had a surfeit of Know  
Nothingism. Few other States will desire  
to be thus stultified.  
We believe in Protestantism. But we  
don't believe in the political Protestantism  
that countenances Know Nothingism. We  
don't believe in the Protestantism which  
permits its priests to defile their religion.—  
We don't believe in Protestant inquisitions  
more than in Catholic inquisitions—in  
American inquisitions more than in Span-  
ish inquisitions. The Protestantism we be-  
lieve in, is that whose weapons are Truth,  
and whose faith is in its efficacy. This is  
what Protestantism used to be—what it  
must be if it would save itself from disgrace  
and ruin, and the country from infidelity.  
Know Nothingism has done Catholicism  
no injury yet. What injury has it not done  
Protestantism?  
MOVEMENTS OF GOV. REEDER.—Kan-  
sas Affairs.  
The following is from the St. Louis In-  
telligencer of the 31st inst:  
"Gov. Reeder of Kansas, arrived in this  
city yesterday on the Polar Star, and is  
now stopping at Barnum's Hotel. He  
leaves this evening for his late residence in  
Pennsylvania, in order to make arrange-  
ments for removing with his family to Kan-  
sas. He will be absent about two months.  
The executive head of the affairs of the  
Territory, in the meantime, is Mr. Wood-  
son, the Secretary. Gov. Reeder, before  
his departure, issued a proclamation for an  
election, to be held on the 22d of May, to  
fill vacancies that occur in six or eight dis-  
tricts. He also issued his proclamation to  
convene the Legislature on the first Mon-  
day in July.

## Agricultural.

### The State Fair for 1855.

The annexed communication from the  
Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, will  
show the position occupied by the Board, in  
regard to holding a Fair during the present  
year.  
There are thousands of persons, over the  
whole extent of country, who feel a deep  
interest on the subject matter, and we in-  
vite our exchanges to make a note of the  
facts—  
STATE AGRICULTURAL ROOMS.  
Columbus, April 5 1255.  
Editors Journal.—  
GENTLEMEN: The enquiry is now be-  
ing frequently made, as to whether there  
will be a "State Agricultural and Mechan-  
ical Fair," in Ohio, the coming autumn. We  
know of no means of answering this ques-  
tion, (so far as we have the facts,) so well,  
as through the "press."  
It is known to many, that the "State  
Board of Agriculture," has addressed two  
circulars to the Railroad Companies of  
Ohio,—the first urging them not to cut off  
these exhibitions, by passing a "general  
regulation," as proposed, for charging half  
freight upon all stock and article shipped  
for exhibition.  
The second, respectfully asking them to  
reconsider, restoring former terms, after the  
regulation above named had been passed, on  
the ground that we could not hold a Fair  
upon the plan proposed by them. (We are  
confirmed in this opinion, by extensive com-  
munications with prominent stock men.—  
For instance, in a recent letter from Clin-  
ton county,—and to this country we always  
look for a very large entry of stock—we  
are told that in case a Fair is held this year,  
under the plan proposed by the Railroad  
Companies, there will be no stock taken  
from that county.)  
The three roads named below, are placed  
by action of their Directors, upon the ground  
heretofore occupied, viz: with a full restora-  
tion of former terms: The C. & C. & C., the  
C. & Erie, and the Central Ohio roads.—  
The Sandusky & Mansfield Co. replied that  
they would restore former terms, provided  
the Fair be located upon, or near either  
terminus of that road. As no invitation  
has been extended to our Board from either  
of the points indicated, we of course can-  
not make such a proposition available.—  
The Ohio & Indiana road, extending from  
Crestline to Fort Wayne, has replied through  
their Directors, in regard to carrying passen-  
gers at half-fare, only on through tickets,  
but make no mention of the subject of the  
circular, upon which alone we base our ac-  
tion. There have been no communications  
received from Companies not named above.  
We observed that other States have al-  
ready fixed upon the time and place, for their  
annual Fairs. It is now about three months  
later than the period, at which our Fairs  
have heretofore been located, and the pre-  
liminaries determined upon.  
The President of our Board has fixed up-  
on next month, to call a meeting of the  
Board, which will have for its object the  
fixing upon a plan of operations, in the ab-  
sence of a State Fair. If we hold a State  
Fair, the preliminaries and location must be  
determined upon very speedily.  
G. SPRAGUE.  
Cor. Sec. Board of Agriculture.  
STARK COUNTY.—The *Massillon News* of  
this week, speaking of appearances in that  
neighborhood, says: During the present  
week, this vicinity has been favored with  
copious showers of rain, nearly every day  
or night. The effect of this has been to  
give an impetus to vegetation, which if not  
marred by future drought or frosts, will  
give us abundant crops. The grass looks  
well, nearly everywhere; and with a few ex-  
ceptions, the wheat is thriving finely.—  
Throughout this section of country we hear  
similar favorable reports. The prospects  
for a bountiful harvest were never better.

In other portions of the West, we also have  
the same opinion. In Illinois, Wisconsin,  
Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio the cheering  
aspect extends, gladdening the hearts of  
farmers, and the tenants of cities. There  
was not as much of this grain sown about  
here as last year, on account of the ravages  
of weevil, but we have heard many express  
regrets that they did not sow more, think-  
ing that the late cold weather had killed out  
the fly. We shall see.—*Toledo Rep.*

## Sleep of Plants.

Vegetable physiology shows us, that plants  
breathe—that the air is drawn in by the up-  
per side of the leaves, and, having retained  
the carbon for the growth of the plant, ex-  
cludes the oxygen from the under side.—  
Animals draw in the air, and retain the ox-  
ygen, and exclude the carbon.  
Recent discoveries show, that plants have  
an analogy to animals in sleeping, also.  
In the arctic regions, where the sun is six  
months of the year above the horizon, and  
day and night are not the divisions of time  
that mark the periods for labor and sleep,  
chickens, and other animals, that in other  
regions retire at sunset, go to roost when  
the sun ought to go down, and wake up and  
crow, when day-light ought to appear. So  
with plants. At the time when it ought to  
be night, they droop and go to sleep, as they  
do in more favored regions, at sunset, and  
awaken in the morning.  
Thus we find plants breathe, and sleep;  
and the species of sensitive plant, have ner-  
vous sensibility, as acute as animals.  
Do they think?

## Crops in Tennessee.

—The *Franklin Re-  
viewer* says the wheat crop in that region  
of Tennessee is unusually promising, and the  
only danger now apprehended to it, is that it  
is growing so rapidly, that the late frosts  
may injure it. If not, the crop promises to  
be a first rate one.

## Money! Money!

"Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes,  
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes."  
Yes; and don't you pretend to show your-  
self anywhere until you get it filled. Not  
among good people! "No, my dear sim-  
plicity, not among good people." They will  
receive you with a smile, scared up by an in-  
distinct recollection of the ten command-  
ments, but it will be as short as their stay  
with you. You are welcome; that's the ac-  
count of it. They are all in a perspiration  
lest you should be delivered of a request for  
their assistance, before they get rid of you.  
They're "very busy," and what's more  
they always will be busy when you call until  
you get to the top of fortune's ladder.  
Climb, man! climb! get to the top of the  
ladder, though adverse circumstances and  
false friends break every round in it; and  
see what an extensive prospect of human  
nature you'll get when you arrive at the  
summit! Your gloves will be worn out shak-  
ing hands with the very people who didn't  
recognize your existence two months ago.—  
You must come and make a long visit  
you must stop in at any time; 'you'll al-  
ways be welcome,' it is such a long time  
since they had the pleasure of a visit from  
you that they begin to fear you never intend  
to come; they will call the climax by en-  
quiring, with an injured air, "if you are  
sighted, or why you have passed them so of-  
ten in the street without speaking."  
Of course you feel very much like laugh-  
ing in their faces, and so you can. You can  
do anything wrong, now that your pocket is  
full." At the most, it will only be "an ex-  
centricity." You can use anybody's mouth  
with a silver bit, and have as many "golden  
opinions," as you like. You won't see a  
frown against this and your tomb-  
stone.—*Fanny Fern.*

## Memory of the Dead.

How sacred the memory of the dead.—  
We will not, cannot forget those whose  
affections were early entwined around our  
hearts in the holy bonds of friendship.  
They may have died on a foreign shore far  
from home and friends, with no kindred spir-  
it upon whom they might cast a farewell  
look, ere they entered the heavenly world,  
but they will live in our hearts. When we  
visit our familiar retreats, and meet not  
their smiling faces, we think of them,—  
we think of them too, at the calm twilight  
hour, and at bright smiling morn their image  
is not forgotten. The stranger may light-  
ly pass over the grassy mound which covers  
them,—twill not disturb their repose. There  
is a sweet, a holy sleep—their isrest which  
none shall disturb. Calm be their sleep—  
and though recollections of them may cause  
the tear-drop to fall; we will not call them  
back from their noble pure home, to mingle  
again with the vanities of earth, and again  
meet its trials. We silently look upon the  
turf which covers them—we will there plant  
the evergreen and thornless rose; and then  
leave the spot—perhaps forever; but while  
life and reason last, we will think of them  
—cherish their memory as a choice plant.—  
True, indeed, they have mingled their once  
lovely forms in the dust among the rich and  
the poor, the virtuous and the vicious, but  
the immortal soul within, is translated to  
a fairer climate—even Paradise, the home of  
angels.  
It is seventeen years yesterday, since  
the first Atlantic steamer arrived at New  
York. The *Strius*, Capt. Roberts, who was  
subsequently lost on the *President*, arrived  
early in the morning and a few hours after  
the *Great Western*.—*N. Y. Exchange*, April  
28.